

## Annie's Awa'.

There are wae hearts for Annie, but less  
 that she's gone  
 Than just that we never may see her again;  
 For the hame o' her childhood, kind neigh-  
 bours and a'  
 And the lea hearts that lo'd her, she's far,  
 far awa'  
 Oh, Annie's awa'! kind Annie's awa'!  
 We'll ne'er see anither like Annie awa'!

The tentless wee lammies now toytie o'er  
 the lea,  
 Wi' a wae some like face, and a pityfu' e'e;  
 Even Collie seems lost like, his back's to the  
 wa',  
 They've a' lost a frien' in sweet Annie awa'.  
 Young Annie awa'; kind Annie awa';  
 We'll ne'er see anither like Annie awa'!

The poor little birdies sae wunt to be gay.  
 Now sit 'mang the branches, a' saugless and  
 wae;  
 Nae mair their saft warblings are heard i'  
 the shaw;  
 Their wee hearts are bursting for Annie awa'.  
 Young Annie awa' etc.

Ah! life's blithest morning may darken ere  
 noon,  
 And the sun o' the simmer gang wearily  
 doon;  
 The fairest o' flow'rets be mantled in snaw;  
 O, Fortune deal kindly wi' Annie awa'!  
 Young Annie awa'; etc.

—John Massie.

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## Home and School

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1888.

## Temperance in Sunday-Schools.

If we are ever going to teach temperance effectually, we must begin with the young. Do all the boys and girls in our Sunday-schools become temperate men and women? How many young men, once in Sunday-school, refuse wine on all occasions? Let any teacher, not interested in teaching temperance, review the class record of ten or twenty years ago, and see if all the boys are now sober men. Our children know who burnt the houses of the great men in Jerusalem; do they know the facts concerning alcohol? They can tell the results of idolatry among the Jews; can they tell the effect of intemperance in their own town? "Cannot civilization put

a stop to this crime against humanity?" (shipping rum to heathen countries) is now the cry of Africa. "Whiskey is king here," is the report of our missionaries at the Far West. Why, then, not have temperance as well as missionary concerts? A teacher says she does not know how to teach temperance. Tell them what the Bible says, and take your boys and girls to the drunkard's home. Let the children see for themselves.

Do not let us wait for women to "put down intemperance by law," or content ourselves that scientific instruction is given in our public schools. If the work is ever done it must be by the Church and Sunday-school. There are at least 8,000,000 scholars and teachers in our Sunday-schools. What may not this great host do to crush the greatest curse on earth? The bitter, unceasing cry from suffering wives and children is heard round the world. Do we believe it? What will our Sunday-school teachers do about it?—*Golden Rule*.

## Talmage, on School Teachers.

AMONG the queens whom I honour are the female day-school teachers of this land. I put upon their brow the coronet. They are the sisters and the daughters of our towns and cities, selected out of a vast number of applicants, because of their especial intellectual and moral endowments. There are in none of your homes women more worthy. These persons, some of them, come out from affluent homes, choosing teaching as a useful profession; others, finding that father is older than he used to be, and that his eyesight and strength are not as good as once, go to teaching to lighten his load.

It is hard for men to earn a living in this day, but it is harder for women—their health not so rugged, their arms not so strong, their opportunities fewer. These persons, after tremblingly going through the ordeal of an examination as to their qualifica-

tions to teach, half-bewildered step over the sill of the public-school to do two things—instruct the young and earn their own bread. Her work is wearing to the last degree. The management of forty or fifty fidgety and intractable children, the suppression of their vices and the development of their excellencies, the management of rewards and punishments, the sending of so many bars of soap and fine-tooth on benignant ministry, the breaking of so many wild colts for the harness of life, sends her home at night weak, neuralgic, unstrung, so that of all the weary people in your cities for five nights of the week, there are none more weary than the public-school teachers.

Now, for God's sake, give them a fair chance! Throw no obstacles in the way. If they come out ahead in the race, cheer them. If you want to smite any, smite the male teachers—they can take up the cudgels for themselves; but keep your hands off defenceless women. Father may be dead, but there are enough brothers left to demand and see that they get justice.

The longer I live the more I admire good womanhood. And I have come to form my opinion of the character of a man by his appreciation or non-appreciation of woman. If a man have a depressed idea of womanly character he is a bad man, and there is no exception to the rule.

## A Japanese Bed.

We present herewith an illustration of one of the queer customs of the Japanese. The Japanese bed is simply a thin mattress spread upon the floor, which, during the day, is rolled up and put away. The covering is a sort of bag in which the natives wrap themselves up. But the most curious thing of all is the pillow. It is simply a block of wood, on the upper side of which is a small cushion covered with several thicknesses of soft thin paper. As one of these gets soiled it can be torn off and a clean one be exposed

beneath. It is the most uncomfortable looking pillow we ever saw. One would think the sleeper would dislocate his neck. The object in the foreground is a lamp. The light is protected from the wind by thin oiled paper which lets almost all the light through. To the right is shown the paper screen which forms the wall of most Japanese houses. During the day these slide to one side and the whole house is exposed to the passers by.

## Billy Bray and the "Friend."

THE eccentric Cornish preacher was on one occasion met by a member of the Society of Friends.

"Mr. Bray," said the kind-hearted Quaker, "I have observed thy unselfish life, and feel much interested in thee, and I believe the Lord would have me help thee; so if thou wilt call at my house, I have a suit of clothes to which thou art very welcome, if they will fit thee."

"Thank'ee," said Billy, "I will call. These need have no doubt that the clothes will fit. If the Lord told thee that they were for me, they're sure to fit; for he knows my size exactly."

Billy was a constant visitor amongst the sick and dying. On one occasion, he was sitting by the bedside of a Christian brother who had always been very reticent, and afraid joyously to confess his faith in Christ. Now, however, he was filled with gladness. Turning to Billy, whose beaming face and sunny words had done much to produce this joy, he said:

"Oh, Mr. Bray, I'm so happy that, if I had the power, I'd shout Glory!"

"Na, mon," said Billy, "what a pity it was thee didn't shout Glory when thee hadst the power."

If you cannot pray over a thing, and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart.



A JAPANESE BED.